A Daughter of the People.

The world is sweeter for her smile,
That hath the Spring's heart in it;
We pause upon Time's turning stile
One breathless little minute
To sun our souls within its bright,
Warm rays, perchance to borrow
Of its pure joy enough to light
Us through the misty morrow.

The world is merrier for her mirth,
Clear peals the laughter ringing
Till we forget life's drudge and dearth
Because our hearts are singing
The dear old love songs that we knew
(Sweeter than any others)
While life's horizon looked so blue,
And Youth and Love were brothers.

The world is brighter for her eyes—
Dear eyes that seem to treasure
No touch or tears, no hint of sighs,
But only joy and pleasure—
An honest joy that loves to share
Its wealth with sadder bosoms,
And leaves, like flowers, everywhere
The odor of its blossoms.

The great world's pulse, which throbs with such
A cold and changeless measure,
Beats faster at my mystic touch,
A servant to her pleasure;
No riddle here the poet sings,
O World that loves a lover!
For she that loves all living things—
How could you help but love her!

O Father Day, so strong and sweet,
Who lighteth life's dark river!
Guide, gently guide her joyous feet
In pleasant ways forever;
O Mother Night! whose darkness lies
Kind on the earth it cumbers,
Watch, softly watch with loving eyes
Above her happy slumbers.

—*Robert Ogden Fowler in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday after Easter.

DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH.

Go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you. (Gen. xli. 55.)

It is Joseph's nearness to Jesus and Mary during his life that leads us now, when he reigns with them in heaven, to confidently call upon him for succor in our needs, and especially do we go to him because to his patronage the whole Church has been commended, that by his intercession he may do for her and each of her members what he did for Jesus and His Mother when he was in the flesh.

Wisely has the Church made him her protector, for his power with God must be very great. Of this we can have no doubt when we remember that to his care were entrusted the purest and the best who have ever walked this earth—Jesus and Mary—Jesus, the Son of God; Mary, his stainless Virgin Mother, whose chaste soul the Holy Ghost made his dwelling-place, delighted with its beauty.

Above the seats of all the bright angels who serve in the courts of the Most High Mary's throne was raised, and one day she would be the angels' mistress and queen. Jesus was their Lord, their Maker, before whom they bowed in lowliest reverence. And yet Mary was Joseph's spouse, and Jesus rendered him the obedience a son should give a father. Very worthy must he have been who held so high an office.

Joseph was a necessary member of the family. He served as a veil to screen from the vulgar gaze the deep mysteries of the Incarnation and Nativity; he led the way into Egypt, and his faithful arm supported the Mother and the Babe during the journey; he brought them back to their own land and provided shelter for them; their daily bread was the fruit of his labor—in a word, during the boyhood and youth of our Lord they were entirely dependent upon him.

Such, then, was Joseph's position in the Holy Family. He was the master and guardian of the household; and this is what the Church would have him be in every Christian family. It is you, Christian fathers and mothers, who should be especially devout to St. Joseph, for he is your patron in a particular manner. You, like him, have the cares of the household upon you; you must provide for the life and health of the children God has given you; it is your duty to see that they are instructed in the faith and attentive to their religious duties, and that they study their school lessons; you should guard them against the dangers they must meet with in a great city like this, and keep them away from those who may lead them to evil; and, above all, you should give them good example in the practice of virtue. To fulfil you duties well you need divine assistance. Go to Joseph—go to the foster-father of Jesus Christ;—he will intercede for you, and obtain the many graces of which you stand in need. Go to him and tell him all your troubles; you will find him very gracious.

But St. Joseph is the patron not of heads of families alone. The Church would have you all, dear breathren, "go to Joseph and do all that he shall say to you." From him she would have you learn a tender love of Jesus, a love manifesting itself in deeds, not simply in words. Joseph devoted himself to the service of our Lord, and so should we. But how can we presume to say that we love or serve Jesus if we do not keep His commandments, if we neglect our duties as Catholics and as members of society? Let us show how much we love Him by doing something for Him, as St. Joseph did, and let us, like him, be constant in our well-doing, permitting no day to pass without some acts of love to God. And if we would hope to make progress in the ways of God, let us daily "Go to Joseph and do all that he shall say."

From the beginning of its manufacture until now not a single ounce of any but pure Virginia leaf of the finest quality has been used in the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. The manufacturers of it have a settled belief that the public cannot be misled on this point, and that any tampering with the quality of the brand would be a momentary loss of them. Thousands of dollars a year saved by mixing with an inferior leaf, would not repay them for a doubt on the part of the public as to the quality of their tobacco.

No More Bother.

GENTLEMEN—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for my chilblains and it cured them. I have never been bothered with them since.
REGIE KEOWN, Victoria, B. C.

Minards's Liniment cures Dandruff.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Just a Few Words.

Just a few words; but they blinded
The brightness all out of a day;
Just a few words, but they lifted
The shadows and cast them away.

Oh! the pain of the wounds,
Of the harden'd word's sting;
Oh! the balm and the brightness
That kind one's will bring.

Only a frown; but it dampen'd
The cheer of a dear little heart;
Only a smile; but it's sweetness
Check'd tears that were ready to start.

Sullen frowns—how they chill,
Happy smiles, how they lure;
One to smile, one to raise,
One to kill, one to cure.

Oh! that the rules of our living
More like to the golden would be;
Much, Oh, so much more of sunshine
Would go out from you and from me.

Less profession, more truth,
In one every day life;
More justice, than surely
Lighter hearts and less strife.

For better and kinder we all mean to be,
But there's lack in the thinking of both you and me.

A PEARL ROSARY.

It was the first day of St Joseph's month, and Lillian C's birthday.

Alone in her room that morning, she was busily engaged in arranging the many little souvenirs of the day.

If we examine them closely, we shall see among them a beautiful pearl rosary.

When you hear that our young friend does not believe in our holy faith you will wonder, no doubt, how our Blessed Mother's chaplet came in her possession. But it had come from a very dear friend and classmate while attending the Convent of the Sacred Heart, for although non-Catholics, her parents had wisely concluded that their daughter would receive a superior education in a place where religion and science walk hand in hand.

When the beads had come a most affectionate letter from her friend Cecilia, who was still in the convent.

After many little incidents relating to school-life, came the words: "Dearest Lillian, may I ask you to carry these beads with you, wherever you go? I know you will, to oblige your loving friend, who often thinks of you, and prays for you in that little convent chapel, to which you often said you loved to come, when anything worried you, as it was so calm and peaceful."

"Of course I will keep them always with me," whispered Lillian, as she finished her letter. "Coming from Cecilia, they will be treasured in a special manner."

And her many friends would have been exceedingly surprised if they had known that careless, fun-loving Lillian carried a little Rosary in her pocket wherever she went.

Nearly a year has passed away, and and meanwhile many letters have been exchanged between our two young friends, and Cecilia has prayed continually for Lillian's conversion.

Pray on, dear Cecilia in your convent home, for remember "no one ever implored Mary's intercession without obtaining relief."

Again it is the month of March, and Lillian and her parents have completed their arrangements for a trip to the West.

The morning, on which they are to leave for their journey, dawns fair and bright and sitting in the depot, waiting for the train, our friends beguile the time in talking over the many pleasures of their intended visit.

Suddenly, Lillian exclaimed, as she drew her hand from her pocket—"I have forgotten my Rosary!"

"Well, you will be obliged to go without them as the train is due in fifteen minutes," said her father.

"Oh, I know I shall have time to return home for them," answered Lillian. "They have been with me every place during the past year, and I cannot begin this long journey without them."

"What superstition Lillian!" said her mother, "but if you are determined to have them I shall go home with you, as I think we shall be back in time for the train."

So Lillian and her mother returned for the Rosary; but imagine Mr. C's impatience as the minutes passed rapidly away, and his displeasure when the train arrived, and Lillian and her mother not there.

Just as the train had disappeared they arrived, and as Mr. C. preferred a morning early train, they were obliged to wait until next day.

But imagine their feelings next morning when they read that the train they had missed collided with another, and all the passengers were either or injured.

Do you wonder that Lillian pressed those dear little beads to her lips in heartfelt thanksgiving, and do you wonder that instead of her western trip she returned to her *Alma Mater* to receive religious instructions, much to the delight of Cecilia.

One lovely morning in May witnessed Lillian's baptism, and she returned to the world with the name of Mary as a guard from all evil.

In a few months, through the efficacy of many fervent prayers, Mr. and Mrs. C. were also baptised.

It is twilight on a balmy Mayday, and on a broad veranda a group of happy children are surrounding their dear old grandma, who is no other than Lillian. Lying on her lap is a picture of a religious, in whose sweet and holy face we recognize Cecilia.

The children are pleading for a story, and grandma takes from a rosary case a pearly chaplet, and having kissed it fervently, tells them the story of "A Pearl Rosary."

Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures where other preparations fail. It posses medicinal merit peculiar to itself.

THE SARATOGA SENSATION.

Further Investigation By An Express Reporter—The Facts Already Stated Fully Confirmed—Interviews With Leading Physicians who Treated Quant—The Most Marvellous Case in the History of Medical Science.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y. *Journal*, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the nineteenth century. The article was under the heading "A Saratogo Co. Sensation," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the *Express*—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the *Journal's* article. The facts as elicited by the *Express* reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany *Evening Journal* the story of a most remarkable cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis; simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an *Express* reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the cure of Charles A. Quant of Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y., as first told in the *Journal*, has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people, and especially the thousands similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the Albany *Journal* and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or, if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the *Express* reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medical Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the *Express* are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the State of New York—the Roosevelt hospital in New York city and St Peter's hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable, and, because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the Albany *Journal*, is as follows:

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway and excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and become conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid $124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists, and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill, and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing, and my stomach would not retain food, and I feel away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better. Upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the $1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad. I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at the cost of only $4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the springs opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Such is the story which the *Express* reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:—

(SERIES B) 451

ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

OUT-PATIENT.

No. 14037. Admitted Sept 16. 89
Chas. Quant.
Age 34. Birthplace NY.
Civil Condition Sir
Occupation Canvassor
Residence 17 Park av Hoboken.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

(over.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st, 1892,) called on Dr. Allen Starr at his office, No. 22 West Twenty-eighth St., New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician of the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to inquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth street, office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., New York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Dr. Vought: If you have any record of a locomotor ataxia by name of Quant, who says he came to the clinic 3 or 4 years ago, No. 14,037, of the O. D. Dept., Rossevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know. If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hosp. Yours STARR.

By means of this letter access ta the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:—

"No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34years. Born U. S. Married. Hoboken."

"History of the case:—Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About 14 months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strobismus of left eye and dilatipn of the left eye.) No headache but some dizziness: alternate diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.

"Ord. R. F. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. "And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured, and Quant who was receiving treatment in the outpatient department, was given up as incurable."

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised, he said, "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him about eight months. This was in the early summer of 1890. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery."

"That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for his was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia: "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter, Saturday April 2nd, 1892, visited St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the sister superior of St. Peter's hospital, and when told the object of his visit, said she remembered the case of poor Mr. Quant very distinctly. Said: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow he couldn't be cured and had to go home in a terrible condition of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's hospital, said he found only that Charles A. Quant entered the hospital March 11th, 1890, was treated by Dr. Henry Hun, assisted by Dr. Van Derveer, who was then, 1890, at the head of the hospital, and that his case being deemed not possible of cure, he left the hospital and was taken to his home, as he supposed to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctor's had given him up, by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a dreadful disease by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Specific for troubles peculiar to females. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, etc.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A HAPPY HINT—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Betton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cts to the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites is the surest and best cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and asthma. Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

AS AN AID to internal remedies for skin diseases, Dr. Low's Sulpher Soap proves very valuable.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swollings.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

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265 Dundas St., near Wellington.
NEW TEAS—Ceylons, Congous, Japans, Young Hysons, Gunpowder and English Breakfast.
NEW COFFEES—Chase & Sanbourne and Blend Coffees.
New CURRANTS, Raisins and Figs.
SUGARS of all grades.
Finest and Cheapest Goods in London
ALEX. WILSON, THOS. RANAHAN
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ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS
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PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS
Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.
WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET.
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FARMS CHEAP THE FINEST, RICHEST SOIL IN THE WORLD. NO BLIZZARDS, NOR DESTROYING CYCLONES. LONG LINE OF EXPENSIVE FREIGHTS, BUT THE BEST PAYING MARKETS right at the door for farmers in Michigan. How to get a farm cheap; long time, easy payments and full information, address O. M. BARNES, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORISED BY THE LEGISLATURE

Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892—March 2nd and 16th and April 6th and 20th.

3134 PRIZES
WORTH - $52,740.00
CAPITAL PRIZE
WORTH - $15,000.00
TICKET, - - $1.00
Quarter Ticket, - 25 cts.
ASK FOR CIRCULARS.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize	worth	$15,000	$15,000.00
1	"	"	5,000	5,000.00
1	"	"	2,500	2,500.00
1	"	"	1,250	1,250.00
2	Prizes	"	500	1,000.00
5	"	"	250	1,250.00
25	"	"	50	1,250.00
100	"	"	25	2,500.00
200	"	"	15	3,000.00
500	"	"	10	5,000.00
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.				
100	"	"	25	2,500.00
100	"	"	15	1,500.00
100	"	"	10	1,000.00
999	"	"	5	4,995.00
999	"	"	5	4,995.00
3134 Prizes worth				$52,740.00

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81 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Supplies all the elements of PRIME BEEF needed to form "Flesh," "Muscle" and "Bone."

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival: and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON.
And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

A GREAT OFFER

The CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR
—AND—
Webster's - Dictionary FOR $4.00.

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PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 22nd Annual Meeting of the

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on THURSDAY, May 26th, 1892, at One of the Clock p. m.

WM. HENDRY, Manager.

April 20th, 1892. 706-4w

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